

# The Mirror

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## The first Steam Engine.



It has been well observed in the *Percy Anecdotes of Ingenuity*, that "though the ingenuity of man has been constantly employed in mitigating what Shakspeare calls, 'the penalty of Adam,' yet never was there so much of that penalty remitted, as by the application of steam to the hewing of wood, and drawing of water, as well as to performing a variety of labours above human strength."

The Steam Engine has infinitely increased the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to add to and reward the labours of after-generations. Already it has become a thing alike stupendous for its force and its flexibility. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is nothing to it. It can engrave a seal,

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and crush masses of obdurate metals like wax before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors; cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and the waves.

Such are the achievements of the Steam Engine in its improved (we do not say matured) state, for it is believed that science will yet effect still more important results. The invention of this wonderful machine has generally been ascribed to the Marquis of Worcester, who, when a prisoner in the Tower of London, observed the elastic force of steam by the bursting of a vessel employed in some culinary operation. It appears, however, that some idea of the Steam Engine was developed long before the time of the Marquis, whose "*Century of Inventions*," in which his apparatus is described, was not published until the year 1663.

The first suggestion of a Steam-Engine appears to have been by Giovanni Branca, of whose machine we this

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week present an engraving, for which we are indebted to an elegant work on the Fine Arts, by the Messrs. Storer. Branca's work, which is extremely scarce, is entitled "A New Volume of Machines, illustrated with beautiful figures, with Latin and Italian descriptions."

"Branca's machine," says Mr. Partington, "consists of a boiler with a safety valve, to prevent accidents, which might arise from explosion; a pipe, resembling the spout of a tea kettle, conveys the steam with considerable force against a float wheel, driving it round in rotary direction, whilst a pinion on the same arbor, communicating by means of other wheels, is made to give motion to the pestles belonging to two mortars. This, then, I think, may really be considered as the origin of this powerful auxiliary to the labours of man; and which, aided as it has been by subsequent improvements, has enabled England to support a proud pre-eminence both in arts and manufactures."

"The steam-engine is, unquestionably, one of the most useful, curious, and important machines that has ever been invented; and it is thought, that without the aid of this, or some other engine adapted to the same purpose, we should long ago have been deprived of the benefit of coal fires, as our forefathers, full a century since, had excavated almost all the mines of that valuable substance, as deep as they could be worked without the aid of some engine to draw water from greater depths."

#### MICHAELMAS-DAY, (September the 29th.)

"He that has no taste for a Christmas carol, or a *Michaelmas* goose, is not a man to our taste."—GARRICK.

We are so truly English in our taste that we like to have roast goose at Michaelmas, turkey and chine with a good carol at Christmas, and roast beef and plum-pudding whenever we can get it. We have a great veneration too for old customs, and pledge ourselves that we will never be the cause of their sinking into disuse. It is even with a wish to assist in perpetuating them that we have selected Michaelmas-day for an article, and trust that the perusal of our *Mirror* may give an additional zest to the roast goose which we wish to smoke on the tables of all our readers every Michaelmas-day.

This is an excellent custom, not merely good in itself, but sanctioned by high authority, ay, and by antiquity too, though the origin of the custom, like that of many others, is unknown. Some think it took its rise merely from the circumstance that Michaelmas is a great festival, and that geese being at this time plentiful, formed a prominent dish. Other authors state, that the presentation of a goose at Michaelmas was formerly the condition of a tenure. In support of this opinion there is a record so early as the tenth of King Edward the Fourth, of John de la Hay being bound, among other services, to render to William Barnaby, lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne lands, *one goose*, fit for the lord's dinner, on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel; and, from a passage in the poems of George Gascoigne, Esq. 4to. 1575, we learn that a goose was a common present on this day from the tenant to his landlord:—

"And when the tenants come to paie  
their quarter's rent,  
They bring some fowle at Midsummer,  
a dish of fish in Lent,  
At Christmasse, a capon, at Michael-  
mas, a goose,  
And somewhat else at New Yea're's  
tide, for fear their lease *flie* lose."

Mr. Douce says—"I have somewhere seen the following reason for eating goose on Michaelmas-day: viz. that Queen Elizabeth received the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, whilst she was eating a goose, on Michaelmas-day; and that, in commemoration of that event, she ever afterwards, on that day, dined on a goose;" but the facts already mentioned show that the custom is of much older date, and the circumstance of Queen Elizabeth having it on that day renders it probable that it was then customary at court.

A pleasant writer, in the *World*, No. 10, remarking on the effects of the alteration of the style, observes, "what confusion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for instance, was not to be celebrated when stubble geese are in their highest perfection;" and, in *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1695, under September, are the following quaint lines:—

"Geese now in their prime season are,  
Which, if well roasted, are good fare:  
Yet, however, friends take heed,  
How, too much, on them you feed;

Lest, when your tongues run loose,  
Your discourse *do smell of goose.*"

There is a popular saying, that "If you eat *goose* on Michaelmas-day you will never want money all the year round," which is thus alluded to in the British Apollo:—

"Q. Yet my wife would persuade me,  
(as I am a sinner,)

To have a fat goose on St. Michael for  
dinner;

And then, all the year round, I pray  
you would mind it,

I shall not want money—Oh! grant I  
may find it.

Now several there are that believe this  
is true,

Yet the reason of this is desired from  
you?

A. We think you're so far from having  
the more,

That the price of the goose you have  
less than before:

The custom came up from the tenants  
presenting

Their landlords with geese, to incline  
their relenting

On following payments."

There are several other customs observed on Michaelmas-day. It is the day on which the Lord Mayor is elected for the city of London, and the governors of towns and cities in many parts of the country: as Bourne supposes, because the feast of angels naturally enough brings to our mind the old opinion of tutelar spirits, who have, or are thought to have, the particular charge of certain bodies of men, or districts of country; as also that every man has his guardian angel, who attends him from the cradle to the grave; from the moment of his coming in to his going out of life.

Baillie says, that Michaelmas is a festival appointed by the church in honour of St. Michael, the archangel, who is supposed to be the chief of the host of heaven and the guardian and defender of the Christian church; and Bishop Hall relates that a red velvet buckler is said to be still preserved in a castle of Normandy, which the archangel made use of when he combated the dragon.

At Kidderminster is a singular custom. On the election of a bailiff, the inhabitants assemble in the principal streets to throw cabbage-stalks at each other. The town-house bell gives signal for the affray. This is called "lawless hour." This done (for it lasts an hour), the bailiff elect and cor-

poration, in their robes, preceded by drums and fifes (for they have no waits), visit the old and new bailiff, constables, &c. &c. attended by the mob. In the mean time, the most respectable families in the neighbourhood are invited to meet them, and fling apples at them on their entrance. "I have known," says a writer, "forty pots of apples expended at one house."

At Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, and the adjacent neighbourhood, there is an extraordinary septennial custom on Old Michaelmas-day, which is called *Ganging Day*; when a number of young men assemble in the fields, and choose an active fellow for their leader, whom they are bound to follow through ponds, ditches, and such places as he generally takes for his route. Every person they meet, male or female, is *bumped*, which is performed by two other persons taking them up in their arms, and swinging them against each other. In the evening they partake of ale and plum cake, furnished by the landlord or publican of the place; and frequently spend the greater part of the night in the fields.

The Protestant inhabitants of the Isle of Skie observe the festival of St. Michael by a cavalcade in each parish, and several families bake the cake called St. Michael's bannock. In Ireland, a sheep was killed in every family that could afford one; and it was ordained by law, that a part of it should be given to the poor, to perpetuate the memory of a miracle wrought there by St. Patrick, through the assistance of the archangel. And in Macauley's History of St. Kilda, p. 82, we read, "It was, till of late, an universal custom among the Islanders, on Michaelmas-day, to prepare, in every family, a loaf or cake of bread, enormously large, and compounded of different ingredients. This cake belonged to the archangel, and had its name from him. Every one, in each family, whether strangers or domestics, had his portion of this kind of show-bread, and had, of course, some title to the friendship and protection of St. Michael."

## ON EPITAPHS.

(For the Mirror.)

Respect for the dead has been a prevailing characteristic of every age and every country; and the ceremonies of the untutored Indian, or the very savage, though more rude, are not less sincere than those of the most polished European.

"The Jews," says Camden, "anointed the dead bodies, wrapped them in sindon, layed them on covered sepulchres hewed out of stone: the Egyptians embalmed and filled them with odoriferous spices, preserving them in glasse or coffins: the Assyrians in wax and honey; the Scythians carried about the cleansed carcases to the friends of the deceased for 40 daies with solemn banquet. And that wee may not particulate, the Romans so far exceeded in funeral honours and ceremonies, with ointments, images, bonfires of most precious woods, sacrifices and banquets, burning their dead bodies untill about the time of Theodosius, that laws were enacted to restrain the excesse."

If we come to later times, we find respect for the dead not diminished. "The grave," says a modern author, "is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense, languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection arises purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor."

"The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it our duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourned?—no, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has its delights; and when the overwhelming bursts of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection: when the sudden anguish, and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the brightest hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the

burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than the song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? Go to the grave of buried love, and there meditate!—there settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living."

Among other tokens of love, respect, esteem, or veneration for the dead, epitaphs are not the least frequent. "They have always, (as Camden says), been most respective, for in them love was shewed to the deceased, memory was continued to posterity, friends were comforted, and the reader put in mind of human frailty;" and Crabbe has thus beautifully pictured the subject:

"When our friends we lose,  
Our alter'd feelings, alter too our views;  
What in our temper teased us or distress'd,  
Is with our anger and the dead at rest;  
And must we grieve, no longer trial made,  
For that impatience which we then display'd?  
Now to their love and worth of every kind,  
A soft compunction turns th' afflicted mind;  
Virtues neglected then, adored become,  
And graces slighted, blossom on the tomb."

Who can read the above without feelings of strong emotion, or without sighing over the loss of friends, whose memory calls forth their living virtues? And how natural it is to trace upon the fragile stone, the ornaments which once adorned them.

In Sparta, Epitaphs were only allowed to people who died in battle; but

now, thank God, affection is not thus restrained or limited. The following curious Epitaphs, Camden, in his Remains, has given us :

*On Queen Anne (wife of James I.)*  
March with his winde hath strucke a  
cedar tall,  
And weeping Aprill, mournes the ce-  
dar's fall,  
And May intends no flowers her month  
shall bring,  
Since she must loose the flower of all  
the spring.  
Thus Marches winde hath caused Aprill  
showers,  
And yet sad May must loose her flower  
of flowers.

*On the King of Sweden.*  
Upon this place the great Gustavus dyde,  
While victory lay weeping by his side.

*On a Bellows Maker at Oxford.*  
Here lyeth John Cruker, a maker of bel-  
lows,  
His craftes-master and King of good  
fellows;  
Yet when he came to the hour of his  
death,  
He that made bellows, could not make  
breath.

*On an Usurer.*  
Here lyes ten in the hundred,  
In the ground fast ram'd:  
'Tis an hundred to ten,  
But his soul is damned.

*In the Cathedral of Norwich.*  
Vnder this stone  
Lyes John Knapton,  
Who dyed just  
The xxviii of August.  
M. D. XC. and one,  
Of this Church Peti-Canon.

*On rich Heret.*  
Here lyes rich Hewet, a gentleman of  
note,  
For why he gave three owles in his  
coate,  
Ye see he is buried in the church of St.  
Paul,  
He was wise, because rich, and now  
you know all.

*On a Maid of Honour.*  
Here lyes, the Lord have mercy upon  
her,  
One of her Majesties maides of honour:  
She was both young, slender, and  
pretty,  
She dyed a maide, the more the pittie.

*On a Gallant.*  
Here lyes a gallant, a gentleman of  
note,  
Who living could never change a groat.

*On Tom Dashe.*  
Here lyes Tom Dashe that notable ray-  
lour,  
That in his life time nere paid shoe-  
maker nor taylour.

*Vpon a Puritanical Locksmith.*  
A zealous locksmith dyed of late,  
And did arrive at heaven gate,  
He stood without and would not knocke,  
Because he meant to pick the locke.

*On Hubberton, in the north country.*  
Here ligs John Hubberton,  
And there ligs his wife,  
Here ligs his dagger,  
And there ligs his knife:  
Here ligs his daughter,  
And there ligs his sonne,  
Heigh for brave John Hubberton.

*Vpon a Dyer.*  
He that dyed so oft in sport,  
Dyed at last, no colour for't.

*Vpon John Death.*  
Here lyes John Death, the very same,  
That went away with a couzen of his  
name.

*On a Miller.*  
Death without warning, was as bold as  
briefe,  
When he kill'd two in one, a miller and  
a thiefe.

*Vpon a Collier.*  
Here lyes the Collyer, John of Nashes,  
By whom Death nothing gain'd, he  
swore:  
For living he was dust and ashes,  
And being dead, he is no more.

*Vpon the untimely death of a Childe.*  
As carefull nurses, to their bed doe lay  
Their children, which too long would  
wanton play:  
So to prevent all my insuing crimes,  
Nature my nurse laid me to bed be-  
times.

*Vpon the remove of Queene Eliza-  
beth's body to the pallace of White-  
hall by water, were written then  
these passionate dolefull lines.*

The Queene was brought by water to  
White-hall,  
At every stroake the osres teares let  
fall.  
More clung about the barge, fish under  
water  
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and  
swome bliude after.  
I thinke the barge-men might with  
easier thighes  
Have rowed her thither in her people's  
eyes.

For how so ere, thus much my thoughts  
have scan'd,  
She'd come by water, had she come by  
land.

*On Master Burbidge the Tragedian.*  
Exit Burbidge.

*On Master Weymarke, a constant  
walker in Paules.*  
Defessus sum ambulando.

*Vpon a Gentleroman, whose husband's  
love to her broke her heart, he writ-  
ing himself this Epitaph.*

These lines with golden letters I have  
fill'd,

Here lyes that wife, whose husband's  
kindnesse kill'd. P. T. W.

A THEATRICAL EPISTLE,  
FROM AN ITINERANT PLAYER TO HIS  
FRIEND, DESCRIBING HIS COUNTRY  
EXCURSION.

(For the Mirror.)

DEAR TOM—To let you into "Se-  
crets worth Knowing," my last "Trip  
to Scarborough" afforded me a fair  
opportunity of turning "Dramatist,"  
and obtained me no small portion of  
"Notoriety;" the "Critic" called me  
"The Child of Nature," and I was  
said to have merited the appellation of  
a "Humourist." I afterwards sustain-  
ed the principal characters in "Love,  
Law, and Physic," and "The Wed-  
ding Ring," and assisted in "Taming  
of a Shrew" by means of "Matri-  
mony;" but this proved nothing better  
than a "Tragedy Rehearsed," for not-  
withstanding we lived as "Man and  
Wife," it was proved before "The  
Honey Moon" was consummated that  
she was the "Wife of two Husbands;"  
of course there was "The Devil to  
Pay," although you perhaps may think  
it "Much ado about Nothing." But  
though "Every one has his Fault," I  
determined to leave her like a "Chole-  
ric Man," and in spite of her crying  
"Heigho for a Husband," and without  
calling in the "Village Lawyer" or  
any one to "Hear both Sides," and as  
"Love laughs at Locksmiths," I broke  
the "Padlock" from the door, and per-  
formed the part of a "Runaway." Thus  
parted "My Spouse and I." After  
this duplicity on the part of "My  
Wife," regarding such "Cabal and  
Love" as the mere "Follies of a Day,"  
I turned "Doctor and Apothecary"  
and "Deaf Lover," forming strong re-  
solutions while thus a "Prisoner at  
Large" to follow the advice of "My  
Grandmother," who always said to me  
"Look before you Leap" and "Know  
your own Mind." Being reduced, how-

ever, by this "Chapter of Accidents"  
to the "Manager's last Kick," it was  
soon with me "Who wants a Guinea;"  
"Turn Out" soon followed, and "A  
House to be Sold." Indeed it might  
have truly been said that I was "The  
Manager in Distress;" for to let you  
into another "Secret," it brought on  
the "Blue Devils," and I appeared to  
be in a complete "Doldrum," inso-  
much that I even contemplated "Sul-  
cide," had not a "Recruiting Officer"  
taken me to see a "Review" at  
"Hartford Bridge." It was here I  
saw the "World in a Village,"  
and entered into a new "Specula-  
tion," by personating "The Heir  
at Law" to the "Votary of Wealth,"  
by which "Stratagem," "Knaves or  
Not," I had nearly succeeded in elop-  
ing with an "Heiress;" but for the inter-  
position of the "Man of the World,"  
her "Guardian," who being assisted  
by the "Miller and his Men," stopped  
us at the "Turnpike Gate." I now  
considered myself to be completely in  
the "Road to Ruin," but, favoured by  
the darkness of the "Midnight Hour,"  
which was certainly "Darkness Visi-  
ble," I made my escape to a "Wood-  
man's Hut," and next morning, "Just  
in Time," commenced my "Journey  
to London" in the "Stage Coach," to  
devise "Ways and Means" for "Rais-  
ing the Wind," but not as a "Provoked  
Husband," "Fortune's Frolic" having  
deprived me of my intended, but now  
"Mourning Bride." My fellow "Tra-  
vellers" were a "Fair Quaker of Deal,"  
a "Benevolent Tar," a "Citizen," a  
"Poor Gentleman," and a "Monk." The  
"Citizen" seemed contriving  
"How to grow Rich," and was very  
careful of a small "Iron Chest." The  
"Monk" and the "Benevolent Tar"  
were emblems of "False and True;"  
and as I looked in the face of the "Fair  
Quaker," I could not help contemplat-  
ing that she was thinking more of the  
"Way to get Married" than of those  
about her; yet I by no means consid-  
ered her to be a "Romp," but her  
beautiful eyes seemed alternately to  
say "She would and she would not,"  
and you need not be informed that  
"Seeing is Believing." The "Poor  
Gentleman," who was a silent yet an  
attentive observer of all that passed,  
reminded me of "Days of Yore," and  
his countenance indicated that he want-  
ed "A Cure for the Heart Ache,"  
while the spare form and lank visage  
of the "Monk" reminded me of the  
"Castle Spectre," and I very naturally



concluded that many a "Tale of Mystery" lay hid in the "Secret Mine" of his dark bosom, which was then perhaps burning with all the rage of "Revenge." I was awoke from the "Trances of Nourjahad" as the coach stopped opposite the "Haunted Tower," by the pressing solicitations of a little "Country Girl," a "Soldier's Daughter," in behalf of a "Distressed Mother." The "Benevolent Tar" emptied his "Purse," the "Monk" gave her his "Benediction," the "Fair Quaker" a "Tear or Two," the "Citizen" some sage advice, which she was not capable of following, as it was only adapted to the "Way of the World;" the "Poor Gentleman" administered "Sighs," those envoys of the heart which he fain would have repressed, and which bespoke him a "Man of Ten Thousand." The company here separated; I took up my abode in the "First Floor" of a "Boarding House," resolving to adopt "Cheap Living," as our Theatre is not yet opened, and as I am not certain that you will set all this down as the "Lie of the Day," or consider me as acting the part of "Harlequin Hoax," without wasting any more Christian ink, I shall subscribe myself, dear Tom, your's very truly,

Compton-street East, G. W. B.  
Brunswick-square.

### The Nobelist.

No. XXXIX.

#### MARY AND ARTHUR.

It was a delightful evening—the sun had just sunk behind a confused heap of clouds that were beautifully fringed with the crimson of his departing rays.

There were several persons collected on the beach, listening to the harmony proceeding from a band on board one of the outward-bound ships, which were waiting for a fair wind—whilst the lowing of oxen, and a tinkling sheep's bell that was heard at intervals, produced an effect quite enchanting.

I had sauntered for more than an hour, enjoying the cool sea-breeze; when on a sudden a gun was fired as a signal for sailing, the wind having taken a favourable change at sunset. The music immediately ceased, and in a few minutes were heard the shrill whistle of the boatswain, and the responsive "Yo-heave-yo's" of those who were weighing their anchors. A general bustle took place on shore—officers and men

soon appeared on the beach; their boats were unmoored, and with all possible speed they made for their respective ships.

Taking my stand near the only boat that remained, I found, from the conversation of its crew, that they were waiting for some one with much anxiety.—This person I soon discovered making his approach with hurried and unequal step. He was a young man, though I didn't view him much. On his arm hung a female, who was exceedingly sorrowful—and well she might, for she was just about to part with all that was dear to her on earth; perhaps to meet no more. As they came nearer the boat, their pace slackened—and Arthur, for that was his name, appeared much agitated, and requested his beloved Mary to return. This was useless. She clung to him till they reached the very brink of that ocean, which in a few minutes would cut off all communication. He inquired if all was ready? and being answered in the affirmative, he took the hand of Mary, and pressing it between both his own, he exclaimed, "May God bless you, my dear Mary!—farewell!" As the wild words fell from his lips, the tears flowed down his pale cheeks—'twas an affecting scene. But recollecting his duty, he sprang into the boat, and waving his hand to her, who was weeping near him, said to the men in the boat, "Shove off." I stood gazing after the boat till she disappeared in the gloom, and the dashing of our oars could no longer be distinguished, for the din which prevailed in the fleet.

On turning round, I perceived Mary a few paces from me, still looking in the direction of Arthur's boat. Observing that I noticed her, she began to retire—politeness urged me to step beside her; and, after an interchange of a few introductory words, I offered her my arm, which she accepted. I had often seen Mary previous to this. I now attempted to sooth her aching heart, and to comfort her by pointing to the day when he whom she loved would again return to make her happy—but I found all my endeavours were ineffectual. She possessed a strong presentiment of never again seeing him. She soon reached her father's house, at the door of which I left her, and retired to my own temporary abode, but not in very good spirits.

From my host I learned, that the father of Arthur "lived in the neighbourhood," that he was "a mercenary

sort of man," that he objected to his son's union with Mary, "because she had no money;" and that he had obliged him to go abroad again, "hoping that change of scene, and other circumstances, would cause him to forget her." "But, (added my informant) if he loves the girl, neither time nor distance will induce him to forget her; and I am sure there is not a better-hearted, or more affectionate little creature, within twenty miles of the place. \* \* \* \*

The next morning I rose early, and hastened to the shore, but not a vestige remained of the many noble looking ships which rode at anchor there on the preceding day. \* \* \* \*

The following summer it was my lot to be walking on the same beach as that on which Mary parted from her Arthur; the events recurred afresh to my memory, and I almost fancied I again heard him say "farewell." I resolved to lose no time in making inquiry respecting this interesting couple. The reply I received was as follows:—"Arthur, a short time after he arrived at their destination, fell a victim to a malignant fever.—This melancholy news was conveyed to Mary in as delicate a manner as possible, by one of her friends. She received it with resignation; but her frame had gradually decayed from the hour of his departure. Her heart was broken—and in one hour after the communication of the gloomy tidings, the beloved Mary was no more!"—"I was shewn her grave—it had not long been made; I have often seen it since, but I can never pass it without thinking on that declaration of the Apostle—"the love of money is the root of all evil."

J. O. N. R.

*Lynton, Hants.*

#### PUNNING MOTTOES.

Nummi et patria asto—I stand to my God and my country. Lord Aston.  
Forte scutum salus ducum—A strong shield is the safety of commanders. Earl Fortescue.

Fare—fac—Speak, do. Lord Fairfax.

De Monte alto—From the pitch of grandeur. Lord Montalt.

Crede Byron—Trust Byron. Lord Byron.

Deum cole, regem serve—Worship God, serve the king. Cole, Earl of Enniskillen.

Manus justa nardus—The just hand is as precious ointment. Viscount Maynard.

#### UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF THE HON. R. SPENCER.

##### 1. ORIGIN OF A PEN.

Love begg'd and pray'd old Time to stay,

While he and Psyche toy'd together;  
Love held his wings—Time tore away,  
But in the scuffle dropt a feather.

Love seized the prize, and with his dart

Adroitly work'd to trim and shape it,  
"O, Psyche! though 'tis pain to part,  
"This charm shall make us half escape it.

"Time need not fear to fly too slow,  
"When he this useful loss discovers;

"A pen's the only plume I know,  
"That wings her pace for absent lovers."

##### 2. TO A LADY

*Who said that she only liked to sing  
to her intimate Friends.*

Had I foster'd a rose, the most fragrant and fair,

By Nature embellished, by culture improv'd.

I could wish that its fragrance might sweeten the air,

Though I rear'd it alone for the bosom I lov'd.

##### 3. TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,

Unheeded flew the hours;

How noiseless falls the foot of time,

That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks

The ebbing of his glass,

When all its sands are diamond sparks,

That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement

Time's happy swiftness brings,

When birds of paradise have lent

Their plumage for his wings?

##### 4. TO A LADY

*Who disapproved of Italian Studies.*

To lure me from the Tuscan muse,

Your wish is kind, your reasons true;

But English Clio still should choose

A better advocate than you!

In vain you plead for *England*, while,

On *Italy* to fix my choice,

You're all her sunshine in your smile,

And all her music in your voice!



## Lochleven Castle.



THE Castle of Lochleven, (now a heap of ruins) so celebrated as the prison of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, is situated on a small islet, in the centre of a loch or lake of the same name, in the county of Kinross, Scotland. After the flight of Bothwell, and Mary's surrender to her rebellious subjects, the Scottish nobles resolved that she should be confined, during her life, in the fortress of Lochleven, and they subscribed an order for her commitment. She was in a paroxysm of distress, when Lords Ruthven and Lindsey arrived at the Palace of Holyrood to inform her, that they were commanded to put in execution the order for her commitment. They charged her women to take from her all her ornaments, and her royal attire. A mean dress was put upon her, and in this disguise they conveyed her with precipitation to the prison appointed for her. The Lords Seton, Yester, and Borthwick, endeavoured to rescue her, but failed in the attempt. She was delivered over to William Douglas, the Governor of the Castle of Lochleven, who was nearly related to the Regent Morton. Here the ill-fated Queen remained secluded, till she effected her escape, by means of a young gentleman, George Douglas, brother to her keeper, who had fallen in love with her. On the 2d of May, 1568, about seven o'clock in the evening, when her keeper was at supper with his family, George Douglas possessing himself of

the keys of the Castle, hastened to her apartment and conducted her out of prison. Having locked the gates of the Castle, they immediately entered a boat which waited for them, and being rowed across the Lake, the Lord Seton received the Queen with a chosen band of horsemen in complete armour. That night he conveyed her to his house of Niddrie, in West Lothian; having rested there a few hours, she set out for Hamilton, where she was soon at the head of a gallant army, but which was shortly after defeated at Langside.

FROM THE "FACETIÆ" OF  
HIEROCLES AND PHILAGRIUS.

A man escap'd a watery grave,  
Protests that he no more will lave,  
Or even venture to the brim,  
Until completely taught—to swim.

The croaking raven, it appears,  
Will live for full two hundred years;  
To put the opinion to the test,  
A scholar brought one from—the nest.

In a fierce tempest, when the waves  
assail,  
And o'er the shatter'd bark at last pre-  
vail;

While the green grave yawns to receive  
its fill,

A passenger was noting down—his will.

How much we owe to horses is allow'd,  
But half the profit is absorb'd in food.  
To save this great expense a farmer  
tried,

But when the art was learnt, the cattle  
—died.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ST. WINEFRED'S WELL.

The most remarkable, but not the most peculiar superstition, in the Principality, is that concerning what were called Holy Wells. Of these, Wales could boast of several; four of which, namely, St. Winefred's, St. Tegla's, St. Eilian's, and St. Dwywen's, had attained a decided pre-eminence over the others; and of these four, that of St. Winefred's, at Holywell, in Flintshire, was by far the most esteemed. We are inclined to believe that the miraculous legendary origin of this Well has contributed, in no small degree, to its supposed superiority. Winefreda, a devout and beautiful virgin, of noble descent, was beloved by a prince named Caradoc, who, finding her inexorable to the more gentle pleadings of a lover, added force to his entreaties; but the fair Winefreda fled from him towards a neighbouring church, whither the other members of her family had retired to pray. Before she reached the sanctuary, Caradoc overtook her, and struck off her head. This, like an elastic ball, bounced into the church,\* and proceeded up one of the aisles to the altar, where her wondering friends were assembled at their devotions. St. Beuno, who was fortunately in the church, and who was, as the legend expresses it, a favourite of the Almighty, snatched up the head, and joining it to the body, it was, to the utmost delight and surprise of all present, instantly reunited, the place of separation being only marked by a milk-white line encircling the neck. Caradoc dropped down lifeless on the spot where he had perpetrated the atrocious

\* A bell belonging to this church was christened, with the usual formality, in honour of Winefreda. "I cannot learn the names of the good gossips," says Mr. Pennant, "who, as usual, were doubtlessly rich persons. On the ceremony, they all laid hold of the rope, bestowed a name on the bell, and the priest, sprinkling it with holy water, baptized it in the name of the Father, &c. &c. He then clothed it with a fine garment; after which, the gossips gave a grand feast, and made great presents, which the priest received, in behalf of the bell. Thus blessed, it was endowed with great powers: allayed (on being rung) all storms, diverted the thunder-bolt, and drove away the devil!"

deed; "and," says the legend, "it was not rightly known whether the earth opened to receive his impious carcase, or whether his master, the devil, carried it off." Away, however, it went, and was seen no more. Winefreda survived her decapitation about fifteen years; and having, towards the latter end of that time, received the veil from St. Elerius, at Gwytherin, in Denbighshire, she died abbess of that monastery, bequeathing to posterity a well, which sprung up on the very spot where her head fell, and which still exhibits, through the beautiful transparency of its pellucid waters, the pure blood of the sinless virgin, in dark spots, on the stony floor of the fountain.

After the death of Winefreda, the waters of the well became celebrated for their miraculous virtues: they were almost as sanative as those of the pool of Bethesda, and extended their salutary influence to both man and beast: "omnes languores," observes an old writer, "tam in hominibus quam in pecoribus (ut legendæ verba habent) sanare." Drayton affirms that no dog could be drowned in it; and the votive crutches, barrows, and other uncouth offerings, which are still to be seen pendant on the well, remain as incontrovertible proofs of the cures which the waters have performed. We can readily account for the credulous reliance which was so implicitly placed upon the efficacy of a pilgrimage to the Holy Well of St. Winefred. Pope Martin the Fifth, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, furnished the neighbouring Abbey of Basingwerke with pardons and indulgences, to sell to the devotees. These were renewed again in the reign of Queen Mary, by the interest of Thomas Goldwell, bishop of St. Asaph, who fled into Italy on the accession of Elizabeth. Multitudes of offerings flowed in; and the monks received tangible marks of gratitude from such as had received benefit by their intercession with the virgin.

"The resort of pilgrims, of late years, to these Fontanalla, has considerably decreased," observes Mr. Pennant; "the greatest number is from Lancashire. In the summer, a few are still to be seen up to their chins in water, deep in devotion, or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well. This excess of piety has cost several persons their lives; and few people of rank now condescend to honour the fountain with their presence. A crowned head, in the last

age, dignified the place with a visit. The poor infatuated prince, who lost three kingdoms for a mass, paid his respects to St. Winefred on the 29th of August, 1686, and received, as the reward of his piety, a present of the very *chemise* in which his great grandmother, Mary Stuart, lost her head. He gave, in his progress through the country, as marks of favour and esteem, golden rings, with his hair plaited, beneath a crystal." The majority of devotees, at the present day, consist of the fair sex, attracted hitherto to commemorate the threatened martyrdom of Winefreda, as those of the East did the death of the Cyprian favourite,

Whose annual wound, in Lebanon, allur'd

The Syrian damsels to deplore his fate  
In woeful ditties, all the summer's day:  
While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,

Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood

Of Thammuz, yearly wounded.

We know of no medicinal virtues which can be attributed to the waters of St. Winefred's Well, beyond those appertaining to any other cold bath; and now that sense and reason are becoming daily more extensively diffused throughout the kingdom, all the silly credulity engendered by a bigotted priesthood will auk under their benign influence, and the minds and actions of the vulgar will be no longer swayed by the fantastical and illusive fables of former ages. *Edinburgh Magazine.*

#### CAN Y TYLWYTH TEG, OR THE FAIRY'S SONG.

From grassy blades, and ferny shades,  
My happy comrades lie;  
Now day declines, bright Hesper shines,  
And night invades the sky.

From noon-day pranks, and thymy banks,

To Dolydd's dome repair,  
For our's the joy that cannot cloy,  
And mortals cannot share.

The light-latch'd door, the well-swept floor,

The hearth so trim and neat,  
The blaze so clear, the water near,  
The pleasant circling seat.

With proper care your reeds prepare,  
Your tuneful labours bring,  
And day shall haste to tinge the east  
Ere we shall cease to sing.

But first I'll creep where mortals sleep,  
And form the blissful dream;

I'll hover near the maiden dear

That keeps this hearth so clean:  
I'll shew her when that best of men,

So rich in manly charms,  
Her Eunion true, in best of blue,  
Shall bless her longing arms.

Your little sheaves, on primrose leaves,  
Your acorns, berries spread;  
Let kernels sweet increase the treat,  
And flowers their fragrance shed:  
And when 'tis o'er, we'll crowd the floor,

In jocund pairs advance:  
No voice be mute, and each shrill flute  
Shall cheer the mazy dance.

When morning breaks, and man awakes  
From sleep's restoring hours,  
The flock, the field, his house we yield,  
To his more active powers.

While clad in green, unheard, unseen,  
On sunny banks we'll play,  
And give to man his little span—  
His empire of the day.

*Edinburgh Magazine.*

#### THE GARDEN OF PLANTS IN PARIS.

The King's Garden in Paris, commonly called the Garden of Plants, was founded by Louis XIII., by an edict given and registered by the Parliament, in the month of May, 1635. Its direction was assigned to the first Physician Herouard, who chose as Intendant Guy de la Brosse. At first it consisted only of a single house and twenty-four acres of land. Guy de la Brosse, during the first year of his management, formed a parterre 292 feet long, and 327 broad, composed of such plants as he could procure, the greater number of which were given him by John Robin, the father of Vespasian, the King's botanist. These amounted, including varieties, to 1500. He then prepared the ground, procured new plants by correspondence, traced the plan of the garden to the extent of ten acres, and opened it in 1640. It appears by the printed catalogue of the ensuing year, that the number of species and varieties had increased to 2360. De la Brosse died in 1643.

Such was the origin of an establishment which has since attained so high a degree of prosperity, and has become the first school of Natural History in the world.

The Garden of Plants is certainly a most interesting spot. What can be more delightful than to wander about in the twilight of a fine autumnal evening, beneath those magnificent rows of ancient lime-trees, when the air is per-

fumed by the balmy breath of many thousand flowers—to listen, amid such a scene of stillness and repose, to the multitudinous voice of a mighty city—or to contrast a sound composed of such discordant and tumultuous elements with the wild and plaintive cries of some solitary water-fowl, which inhabit the banks of a little lake, in the centre of this Garden of Paradise! On the other hand, during the day-time, if less interesting to your sentimentalist, it is certainly fully more amusing to the ordinary class of visitors. Great part of one side of the Garden is laid out as a Menagerie, in which all sorts of wild animals are confined, or, more properly speaking, detained—the extreme comfort and extent of the dwellings, with their beautiful conformability to the pursuits and manners of their inhabitants, almost entirely precluding the idea of any thing so harsh and rigorous as confinement. There the elephant, “wisest of brutes,” occupies, as he ought to do, a central and conspicuous situation. He is not lodged, as he is with us, in a gloomy crib, in which he can scarcely turn himself round with sufficient freedom to perform the little devices taught him by his keeper, and which one sees how much he despises by the calm melancholy expression of his eyes. He dwells in a large and lofty apartment, opening by means of broad folding-doors into a capacious area, which is all his own. In this he has dry smooth banks to repose upon, and a deep pond of water, into which, once a day, he sinks his enormous body, causing the waters to flow over every part, except his mouth and proboscis. Nothing can be more refreshing than to see him, after basking for some hours in the morning sun, till his skin becomes as parched and dry as the desert dust of Africa—to see him calmly sinking down amidst the clear, cool waters of his little lake, and reappearing again, all moist and black, protruding his huge round back, more like a floating island, or a Leviathan of the ocean, than an inhabitant of terra-firma.

In this neighbourhood, too, there are camels and dromedaries, the “ships of the desert,” as they are so beautifully called in the figurative languages of the east, either standing upright, with their long, ghost-like necks, and amiable, though imbecile countenances, or couched on the grass, “and bedward ruminating,” apparently well pleased to have exchanged the burning plains of Arabia for the refreshing

shades of the Jardin des Plantes. No fear now of the blasting breath of the desert, or of those gigantic columns of moving sand which had so often threatened to overwhelm them, and the leaders of their tribe—no delusive mirage, tempting them still onwards, amongst those glaring, glittering wildernesses, “with show of waters mocking their distress.” Even the wilder and more romantic animals seem here to have found a happy haven and a fit abode. The milk-white goat of Cachmere, with its long silky clothing, is seen reposing tranquilly, with half-closed eyes, upon some artificial ledge of rock, forming a beautiful and lively contrast to the dark green moss with which it is surrounded. Deer and antelopes repose upon the dappled ground, or are seen tripping about under the shade of the neighbouring lime-trees, while the enclosures, with their surrounding shrubbery, are so skilfully arranged, and so intermingled with each other, that every animal appears as if it enjoyed the free range of the whole encampment, instead of being confined to the vicinity of its own little hut. The walks are laid out somewhat in a labyrinthine form, so that every step a person takes he is delighted by the view of some fair or magnificent creature from “a far country.” Birds of the most gorgeous and graceful plumage, peacocks, golden pheasants, and cranes from the Balearic Isles, solicit attention in every quarter, and are seen crossing your path in all the stateliness of conscious beauty, or gliding like sun-beams through groves of ever-green, “star bright, or brighter.” In whatever direction you turn, you find the features of the scenery impressed with characters very different from those which are usually met with in European countries. At the head of the Garden, beyond the house which was once the dwelling of the illustrious Buffon, there grows a magnificent cedar, its head rendered more picturesque by a cannon-ball, which struck it during the Revolution; \* and from a

\* “The largest of the pine tribe on the hillocks, is a cedar of Lebanon, *P. Cedrus*, the trunk of which measures twelve feet in circumference. The history of this tree, as recited to us by Professor Thouin, is remarkable. In 1736, Bernard de Jussieu, when leaving London, received from Peter Collinson, a young plant of *Pinus Cedrus*, which he placed in a flower-pot, and conveyed in safety to the Paris Gardens. Com-

little hill in the neighbourhood, there is an extensive and beautiful view, not only of the Garden of Plants, with its fine groves and shady terraces, but also of the city itself, with Mont Martre rising like an acropolis in the distance, the old square tower of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the golden dome of the Hospital of Invalids.

Between the Garden of Plants properly so called, and that part of it which is devoted to the uses of the Menagerie, there is a broad and deep sunk fence divided by stone walls into several compartments. These are the dwelling-houses of the bears, the awkward motions and singular attitudes of which seem to afford a constant source of amusement to the visitors. Bare leafless trees have been planted in the centre of some of these inclosures, to the top of which Bruin is frequently seen to climb, as if to enjoy the more extended view of the garden, and of the groups of people who crowd its walks. Some of these animals, when they perceive any one looking over their parapet, erect themselves on their hind legs, and, stretching forth their great paws, seeming to ask for charity with all the importunity of a bemoaning beggar. Indeed, they are so much accustomed to have bread and fruit thrown to them by strangers, that the slightest motion of the hand is generally sufficient to make them assume an erect position, which they will maintain for some time, till their strength fail them, and they drop to the ground, testifying by a short and sullen growl their displeasure at having been obliged to play such fantastic tricks to so little purpose. An unfortunate accident befel one of the largest of these creatures some years ago. He was sitting perched near the top of his tree, when his footing gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. A broken limb was the only disagreeable result of this misfortune. His temper of mind does not, however, appear to have been much mollified by his decreased strength of body, for it was this same animal which caused the death of the unfortunate sentinel who had descended into his area, misled, as it was supposed, by an old button or bit of metal, which he mistook for a piece of money. The cries of this poor being were heard dis-

tinctly, during the stillness of the night, by those who dwell within the garden; but, as there was no reason to dread the possibility of such an accident occurring, no assistance was offered. He was found by the guard who came to relieve him in the morning, lying dead beneath the paws of the bear, exhibiting, comparatively speaking, few marks of external violence, but almost all his bones broken to pieces. The bear retired at the voice of his keeper, and did not, in fact, seem to have been induced by any carnivorous propensity to attack the person whose death it had thus so miserably occasioned. It was rather what an old man in the garden characterized as a piece of *mauvaise plaisanterie*, for it appeared to derive amusement from lifting the body in its paws and rolling it along the ground, and shewed no symptom of fierceness or anger when driven into its interior cell.\*

Turning to the right as you enter the lower gate of the Garden, opposite the Bridge of Austerlitz, now called the Pons du Jardin du Roi, you approach the dwellings of the more carnivorous animals, which are confined in cages with iron gratings, very similar to our travelling caravans. Here the lion is truly the king of beasts, being the oldest, and the largest, and in all respects the most magnificent. I have ever seen. There is a melancholy grandeur about this creature in a state of captivity, which I can never witness without the truest commiseration. The elegant and playful attitudes of the smaller animals of the feline tribe being so expressive of happiness and contentment, prevent one from compassionating their misfortunes in a similar manner; while the fierce and cruel eye of the tiger, with his restless and impatient demeanour, produces rather the contrary feeling of satisfaction, that so savage an animal should be kept for ever in confinement. He appears to lament his loss of liberty, chiefly because he cannot satiate his thirst for blood by the sacrifice of those before him; his countenance glares as fiercely, and his breath comes as hot as if he still couched among the burned-up grass of an Indian jungle. But his companion in adversity appears to suffer from a more

mon report has magnified the exploit by declaring, that Jussieu carried it all the way in the crown of his hat. It is now the identical tree admired for its great size."

\* We understand that the bears are now removed to the new Menagerie of wild beasts, and their places in the *Fossés* occupied by a breed of boars. Our old friend Marguerite, the great elephant, has been dead for some years.

kingly sorrow—the remembrance of his ancient woods and rivers, with all their wild magnificence, “dingle and bushy dell,” is visibly implanted in his recollection. Like the dying gladiator, he thinks only of “his young barbarians,” and, when he paces around his cell, he does so with the same air of forlorn dignity as Regulus might have assumed in the prison of the Carthaginians.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

### Miscellanies.

#### PARKER'S JOURNAL.

The following is extracted from the log book of Thomas Parker, who died in America, and who was an active naval officer during the American war.

*First part of the Voyage.* (Through life.)—Pleasant, with fine breezes, and free winds—all sails set—spoke many vessels in want of provision—supplied them freely.

*Middle Passage.*—Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels, our supplies bad, enabled to resist—made signals of distress—they up helm, and bore away.

*Latter Part.*—Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of poverty had an observation—corrected and made up my reckoning, and after a passage of fifty years came to in mortality road, with the calm unruffled surface of the ocean of eternity in view. ++

#### DON'T BELIEVE IT, JO.

My uncle Tim, a thoughtful wight,  
Who watched my early youth,  
Was fond of every sentence trite,  
That wore the face of truth;  
And when through life, alone to steer,  
Ambition bade me go,  
He only whispered in my ear,  
“Don't, don't, believe it, Joe.”

To Fame, my suit I first addressed—  
She heard my ardent prayer,  
With love of glory fired my breast,  
And cured my soul's despair;  
I followed long—but reason came,  
With silent step and slow,  
And louder than the blast of fame,  
Cried, “Don't believe her, Jo.”

Then Pleasure, next resolved to try,  
A wanton filled my arms;  
Warmed in the sunshine of her eye,  
I revelled in her charms;

But short her reign, for conscience woke  
To find me sunk so low,  
I listened, and the spell was broke  
With “Don't believe her, Jo.”

Intemperance now I swift pursued,  
And madly grasped the bowl—  
Inflamed and poisoned all my blood,  
And strove to drown my soul;  
‘Twas vain—true friendship loudly cried,  
The goblet's joys forego—  
And e'en the fiend himself replied,  
“Don't, don't believe me, Jo.”

Fame, Pleasure, and Intemperance  
spurned,

Heart-sickened and decayed,  
To virtue's path again I turned,  
And sought religion's aid;  
She smiled, and with a holy tear  
Embalmed each wound of woe,  
Then softly whispered in my ear,  
“Believe—believe me, Jo.”

Now homeward, as I went my way,  
Each toil and duty o'er,  
If e'er my wayward fancy stray,  
And tell me I am poor:  
From Virtue's smile, the truth direct,  
Must still for ever flow,  
And conscience will the lie detect,  
With “Don't believe it, Jo.”

#### THE REWARD OF HONESTY.

A chimney-sweeper's little boy, (I think at Amsterdam,) being employed by a merchant to sweep his comping-house chimney, had gone up but a little way, when, hearing the merchant withdraw, he was tempted to descend, and take out of the desk a sum of money: but was so forcibly arrested by conviction, that before he could re-ascend, he hastily put it back again, yet not in the place he had taken it from. The merchant soon after coming in, on opening the desk missed the money; and, having no doubt that the boy had taken it, waited his return, and in a stern manner charged him with the theft. The poor little fellow, in a sorrowful tone, ingenuously confessed the fact, with the uneasiness it had occasioned; and showed the part of the desk into which he had thrown the money.

This candid account of the matter excited the merchant's compassion; and two of his young sons just then coming in, he asked them, what a boy deserved who dared to take money out of another's desk without his knowledge? They, not doubting the culprit was before them, readily answered, he ought to be well flogged, and one of them offered to be the executioner;



but, said the merchant, suppose that the person, before he went off with the money, was so sorry for what he had done, as, of his own accord, to return it to the place he took it from, what then? Why then, they acknowledged it would not be so bad, and he ought not to be punished: this, they were told, was really the case, and so the conversation ended.

Reflecting on this singular circumstance, the merchant was so touched with compassion for the child, that he prevailed on his master to part with him, and took him into his own family, where he was remarkable for his integrity, and became a favourite. Some time after, the merchant, wishing to know more of his inmate, asked him how he came to be a chimney-sweep, and who were his parents; but, all the boy could tell him beside his name, was, that he remembered living in London with his uncle, who brought him to Holland, and left him with his late master.

This account led the merchant to suspect there was something more than commonly wrong in the uncle's conduct, and he determined to prosecute the inquiry. Accordingly, he in a short time after took the boy with him to London; and, having the uncle's name, which was of some note, by cautious inquiry, discovered not only his residence, but that he was left executor to a deceased brother, and the guardian of his only son, who was supposed to be placed at some distant school for education. Possessed of these documents, the merchant went alone to the uncle's house, obtained an interview with him; and, after some introductory discourse, opened the business by asking him, if he had not a nephew who had been some years absent from him? The uncle appeared perplexed by the question, and evaded a direct answer; but on the merchant's telling him that he had in a very extraordinary way become acquainted with the circumstance, and only wished a free conversation with him—assuring him withal, there was no intention to take an ungenerous advantage of any thing that was past; the uncle was much affected, and candidly confessed the whole affair, acknowledging that the temptation of making the child's property, which was considerable, his own, had induced him to dispose of him as above related: that, from that time to the present, he had never enjoyed a quiet moment; and, that nothing had blindered him from repairing the injury, but the fear

that, if his nephew was brought home, the matter would be exposed, and entirely ruin his character. He then, in great tenderness, declared, that the unexpected opportunity now afforded him of doing his nephew justice, he considered as a mercy, for which he could never be sufficiently grateful. In short, the uncle resumed the care of his nephew, and not only secured the possession of all his property to him, but put him on a footing with his own children—both of them ever after maintaining an affectionate intercourse with their worthy friend, the merchant.

*Dillwyn's Reflections.*

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH ON MR. CUMMING.

"Give me the best of men," said Death  
To Nature—"quick, no humming:"  
She sought the man, who lies beneath,  
And answered, "Death, he's Cum-  
ming."

When the late Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London to negotiate peace, Charles Townsend being asked whether the French Government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty? answered, "he did not know, but they had sent the outline of an Ambassador."

LINES

*On a Lady who had her Portrait painted, and sometimes used to beat her Husband.*

"Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here,

What say you, my love, does it strike you?"

"I can't say it does just at present, my dear,

But I think it soon will, its so like you."

EPIGRAM

*On a Gentleman, famous for relating anecdotes bordering on the miraculous, having added an attic to his house near Richmond.—By the late B. Thompson, Esq.*

It happen'd that the other day

Up Richmond Hill I chanc'd to stray,

And there beheld the exaltation

Of Justice —'s habitation:

"Ha! ha!" cried I, "thy joy and glory

Is still, I see—to raise a story."

## A GUIDE TO EQUESTRIANS.

The law of the roads is a paradox quite,

For in orderly riding along,  
If you go to the *left* you are sure to go right,

But if you go *right* you go wrong.

## THE RETORT.

"My head, Tom's, confused with your nonsense and bother,  
It goes in at one ear, and out at the other."

"Of that, my friend Dick, I was ever aware,  
For nonsense, your head is a pure thoroughfare."

**SIGNS.**—Over the door of a house at Cricklade, in Wilts, is the following:—  
"Shoes mended according to the latest and most approved method.—Drowned persons, on application immediately, restored, so as to prevent the complaint ever returning.—N.B. The person must not be dead."

## MEMORY.

We know not half the beauty of the grove,

While o'er our heads its dark'ning boughs are twining;

But oh! how sweet, from distant hills above,

To see the sun-set on its verdure shining.

Thus many an hour of youthful hopes and fears—

Charming alike—is past unheeded by,  
Whose light, seen broader through the mist of years,

Too brightly gleams upon the faded eye.

The following lines are painted on a sign-post at an inn door, between Ripley and Guildford, on the Portsmouth road:

This sign hangs well,

And hinders none;

Call and refresh,

And travel on.

**CURING A SCOLD.**—In the early period of the History of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole waggon load of Methodists, and carried them before a magistrate. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last, one of the accusers said, "Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and,

besides, they prayed from morning till night." The magistrate asked if they had done any thing else. "Yes, sir," said an old man, "Ant please your worship, they *converted* my wife.—Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

## INSCRIPTION.

In a window of a room in the Tower of London is written—

R. Walpole,  
1713.

Underneath are the following lines:  
Good, unexpected—evil, unforeseen,  
Appear by turns as fortune shifts the scene;  
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,  
And fall so hard, they bound to rise again.

## EPIGRAM

On a Cantab, who could not get into Orders.

Ned cut off his queue, and was Brutus'd with care,

Yet sadly mistaken was Ned,  
For though he had taken such pains with his hair,

The Bishop found fault with his head.

**DUBLIN ADVERTISEMENT.**—An Irish Doctor advertises, that the deaf may hear of him at a house in Liffey-Street, where his blind patients may see him from ten till three.

On the Defeat of Admiral Lincolns,  
by Captain Dance.

Quite debonair, Lincolns left France,  
And on the ocean came to Dance;  
Where, when our tars began to play,  
It charm'd him so, he danced away!

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor has to apologize to his kind Correspondents, and to express his regret that an unavoidable absence from town, for a few days, prevents him from answering, or even acknowledging individually, their several favours.

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